

to which. I look in the saddest office that has ever yet devolved upon me, because I know that the joint influence of your experience and your benevolent soul will at the same time assist the sufferers in forming a juster estimate of the loss than can perhaps occur in the first pangs of affliction, and offer the only solace which is dear to a refined soul, the sympathy of one as refined.

You have already guessed the fatal truth — our William is lost to us. I feel that I must repeat it. It is too terrible to believe. . . . I would willingly have given my life

for his.....Oh! my father, why do we live?

The anguish of ray soul is great. Our innocent lamb, our angel is stricken. Save her, save her. I will come home directly. . . . I wish to live only for my sister. I think of her all day and all night. It is some satisfaction that I was with our friend to the last. Oh! my father, I trust a great deal to you and my dear mother. I do not know what to write, what to think. I have not said anything that I wanted, yet I have said too much. God bless you, my dear father. Embrace them all. I wish that I could mingle my tears with yours.

To Sarah Disraeli.

MY OWN SA,

Ere you open this page, our beloved father will have imparted to you with all the tenderness of parental love the terrible intelligence which I have scarcely found energy enough to communicate to him. It is indeed true. Yes! our friend of many years, our hope and joy and consolation, is lost to us for ever. He has yielded to his Creator without a bodily or mental pang that pure, and honorable, and upright soul which we all so honored and so esteemed. He has suddenly closed a life unsullied by a crime, scarcely by a weakness. Oh! my sister, in this hour of overwhelming affliction my thoughts are only for you. Alas! my beloved, if you are lost to me where, where am I to fly for refuge? I have no wife, I have no betrothed; nor since I have been better acquainted with my own mind and temper have I sought them. Live then, my heart's treasure for one who has ever loved you with a surpassing love, and who would cheerfully have yielded his own existence to have saved you the bitterness of this letter. Yes, my beloved, be my genius, my solace,

my companion, my joy. We will never
part, and if I cannot
be to you all our lost friend [was ?], at
least we will feel that
life can never be a blank while gilded by
the perfect love of a
sister and a
brother.